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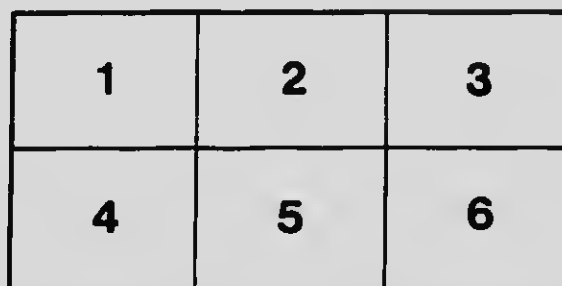
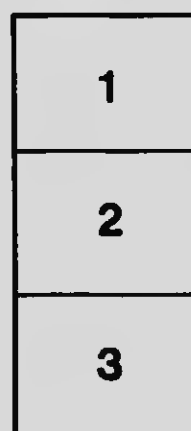
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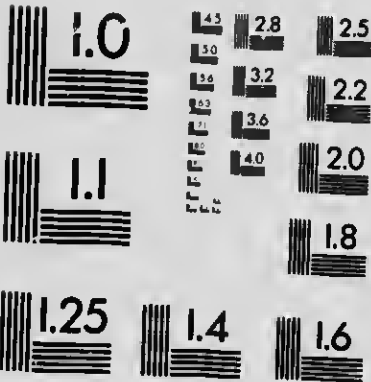
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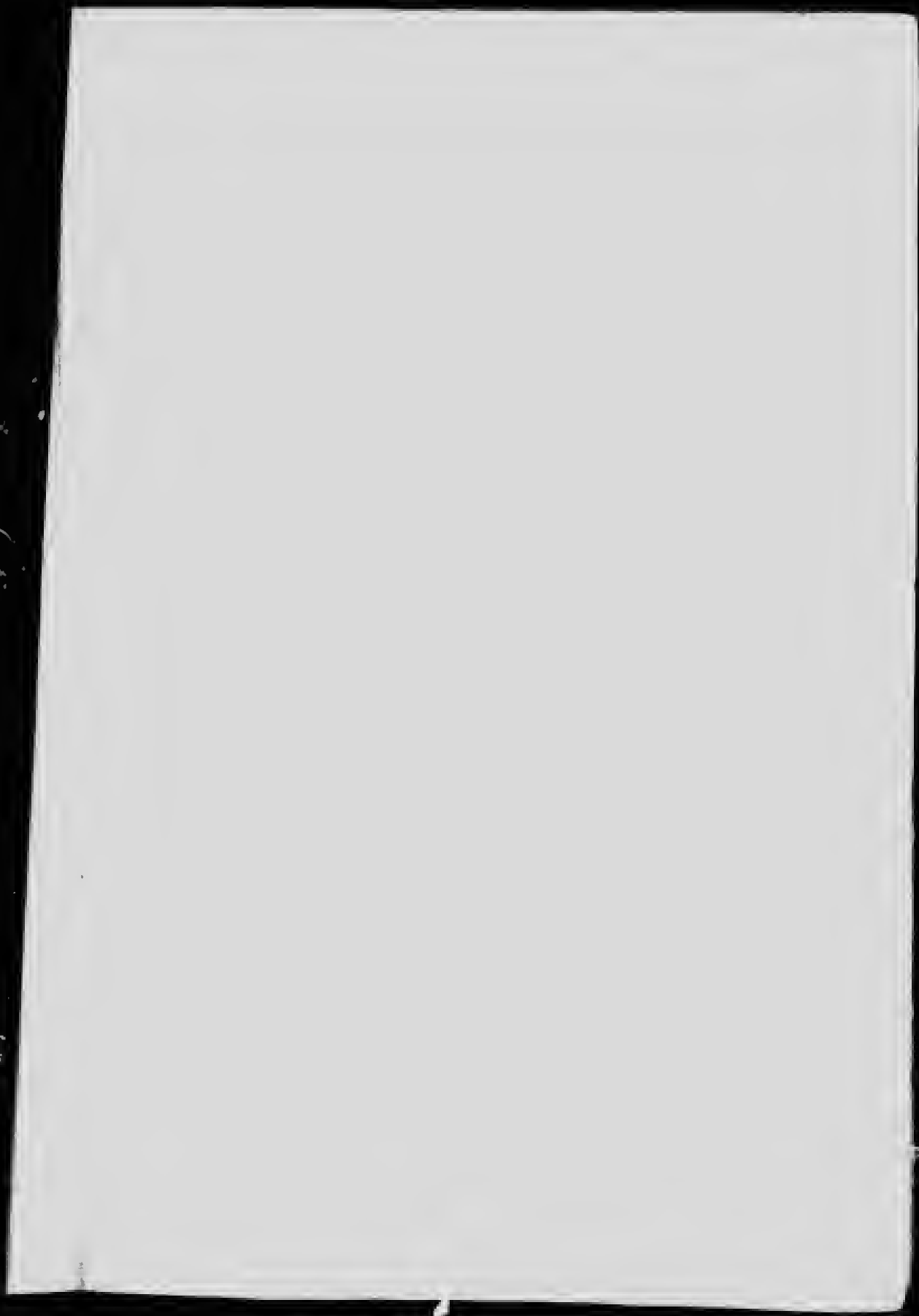
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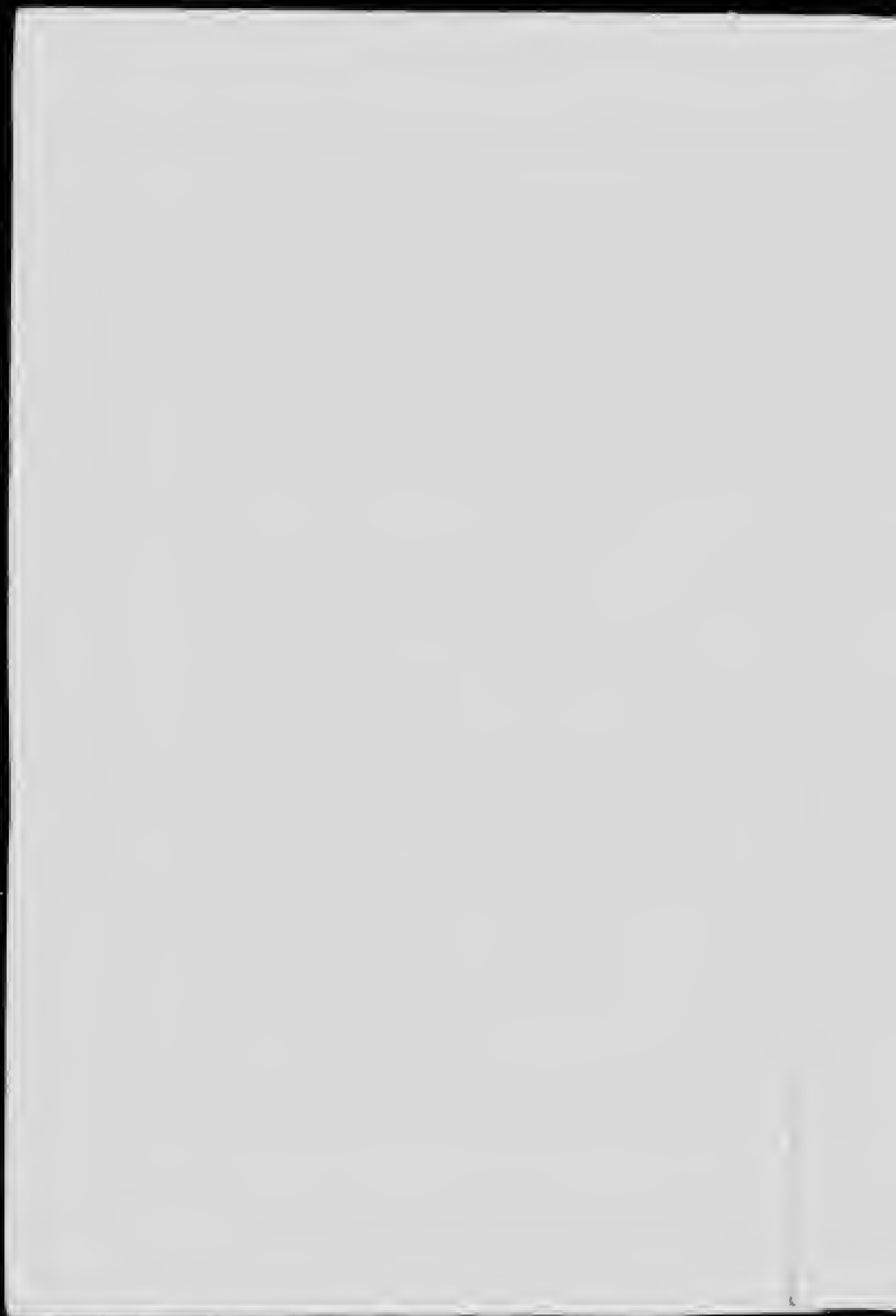
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HOWDY HONEY HOWDY



PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR





HOWDY, HONEY  
HOWDY





HOWDY  
HONEY  
HOWDY

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

*Illustrated with photographs*

BY

LEIGH RICHMOND MINER

*Decorations by*

WILL JENKINS

THE MUSSON BOOK CO., LIMITED  
TORONTO · MCMV

*Copyright 1896, 1899, 1903, and 1905*  
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*Published October, 1905*

18577

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

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HOWDY, HONEY  
HOWDY

DO' a-stan'in' on a jar, fiah a-shinin'  
thoo,  
Ol' folks drowsin' 'roun' de place,  
wide awake is Lon,  
W'en I tap, she answah, an' I see  
huh 'mence to grin,  
"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you  
step right in?"

Den I step erpon de log layin' at  
de do',  
Bless de Lawd, huh mammy an' huh  
pap's done 'menced to sno',  
Now 's de time, ef evah, ef I 's gwine  
to try an' win,  
"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you  
step right in?"







No use playin' on de aidge, trimblin'  
on de brink,

W'en a body love a gal, tell huh  
whut he t'ink ;

W'en huh hea't is open fu' de love  
you gwine to gin,

Pull yo'se'f togethah, suh, an' step  
right in.

Sweetes' imbitation dat a body evah  
hyeahed,

Sweetah den de musie of a love-siek  
moekin'-bird,

Comin' f'om de gal you loves bettah  
den yo' kin.

"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you  
step right in?"

At de gate o' heaven w'en de sto'm  
o' life is pas',

'Spec' I'll be a-stan'in', 'twell de  
Mastah say at las',

"Hyeah he stan' all weary, but he  
winned his fight wid sin.

Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you  
step right in?"



# ENCOURAGEMENT

**W**HIO dat knockin' at de do' ?  
Why, Ike Johnson, — yes, fu' sho !  
Come in, Ike. I's mighty glad  
You come down. I t'ought you's  
mad

At me 'bout de othah night,  
An' was stayin' 'way fu' spite.  
Say, now, was you mad fu' true  
W'en I kin' o' laughed at you ?  
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

"Tain't no use a-lookin' sad,  
An' a-mekin' out you 's mad ;  
Ef you 's gwine to be so glum,  
Wondah why, you evah come.  
I don't lak nobody 'roun'  
Dat jes' shet dey mouf an' frown, —  
Oh, now, man, don't act a dunce !  
Cain't you talk ? I tol' you enee,  
Speak up, 'ke, an' 'spress yo'se'f.



Wla'd you come hycah fu' to-night ?  
Body'd t'ink yo' haid ain't right.  
I's done all dat I kin do, —  
Dressed pertieler, jes' fu' you ;  
Reekon I'd 'n' bettah wo'  
My ol' ragged calico.  
Aftah all de pains I's took,  
Cain't you tell me how I look ?  
    Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Bless my soul ! I 'mos' fu'got  
Tellin' you 'bout Tildy Scott.  
Don't you know, come Thu'sday  
    night,  
She gwine ma'y Lucius White ?  
Miss Lize say I allus wuh  
Heap sight laklier 'n huh ;  
An' she'll git me somep'n new,  
Ef I wants to ma'y too.  
    Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

I could m'ry in a week,  
Ef de man I wants 'nd speak,  
'Tiddy's presents 'll be fine,  
But dey would n't ekal mine.  
Him whut gits me fu' a wife  
'I'd be proud, you bet yo' life.  
I's had offers : some ain't quit :  
But I has n't ma'ied yit!  
    Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Ike, I loves you, — yes, I does ;  
You 's my choice, mid allus was,  
Laffin' at you ain't no harm.  
Go 'way, dahky, whailt 's yo' arm ?  
Hug me closer — dah, dat 's right !  
Wasn't you a awful sight,  
Havin' me to haig you so !  
Now ax whnt you want to know, —  
    Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f !







DE WAY T'INGS  
COME

DE way tings come, hit seems  
to me,  
Is des' one monst'ous mystery :  
De way hit seem to strike a man,  
Dey ain't no scense, dey ain't no plan :  
Ef trouble sta'ts a pilin' down,  
It ain't no use to rage er frown,  
It ain't no use to strive er pray,  
Hit's mortal boun' to come dat way.

Now, ef you's hongry, an' yo' plate  
Des' keep on sayin' to you, " Wait,"  
Don't mek no diffunce how you feel,  
'T won't do no good' to hunt a meal,  
Fu' dat ah meal des' boun' to hide  
Ontwell de devil's satisfied,  
An' 'twell dey's some'p'n by to cyahve  
You's got to ease yo'se'f an' stahve.



But ef dey 's eo'n meal on de she'f  
You need n't bothah 'roun' yo'se'f,  
Somebody 's boun' to amble in  
An' 'vite you to dey eo'n meal bin ;  
An' ef you 's stuffed up to de froat  
Wid eo'n er middlin', fowl er shoat,  
Des' look out an' you 'll see fu' sho  
A 'possum faint befo' yo' do'.

De way t'ings happen, huhuh, chile,  
Dis worl' 's done puzzled me one  
w'ile;

I's mighty skeered I'll fall in doubt,  
I des' won't try to reason out  
De reason why folks strive an' plan  
A dinnah fu' a full-fed man,  
An' shet de do' an' cross de street  
F'om one dat raaly needs to eat.



**THE DELINQUENT**



GOO'-BY, Jinks, I got to lump,  
Got to mek dis pony jump ;  
See dat sun a-goin' down  
'N' me a-foolin' hyeah in town !  
Git up, Suke — go long !

Guess Mirandy 'll think I's tight,  
Me not home an' eomin' on night.  
What's dat stan'in' by de fence ?  
Pshaw ! why don't I lu'n some sense ?  
Git up, Suke — go long !

Guess I spent down dah at Jinks'  
Mos' a dollah fu' de drinks.  
Bless yo' soul, you see dat star ?  
Lawd, but won't Mirandy rar ?  
Git up, Suke — go long !





Went dis mo'nin', hyeah it's night,  
Dah's de cabin dah in sight.  
Who's dat stan'in' in de do' ?  
Dat must be Mirandy, sho',  
Git up, Suke — go long !

Got de close-stick in huli han',  
Dat look finny, goodness lan',  
Sakes alibe, but she look ghan!

Hyeah, Mirandy, hyeah I come!

Git up, Suke — go long!

Ef 't had n't 'a' be'n fur you, you  
slow ole fool, I'd a' be'n home long  
fo' now!





# ACCOUNTABILITY

**FOLKS** ain't got no right to cen-  
sual othah folks about dey  
habits;

Him dat giv' de squir'ls de bushtails  
made de bobtails fu' de rabbits.

Him dat built de gread big moun-  
tains hollered out de little  
valleys,

Him dat made de streets an' drive-  
ways wasn't shamed to make  
de alleys.

We is all constructed diff'ent, d'ain't  
no two of us de same;

We cain't he'p ouah likes an' dislikes,  
ef we 'se bad we ain't to blame.

Ef we 'se good, we need n't show off,  
case you bet it ain't ouah doin'

We gits into su'ttain channels dat we  
jes' cain't he'p pu'snin'.

But we all fits into places dat no  
othah ones could fill,  
An' we does the things we has to,  
big er little, good er ill.  
John can't tek de place o' Henry,  
Su an' Sally ain't alike ;  
Bass ain't nuthin' like a suckah, chub  
ain't nuthin' like a pike.

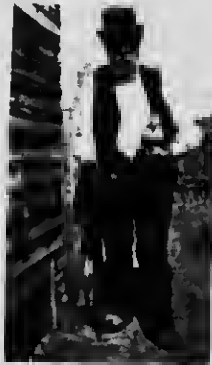


W'en you come to t'ink about it,  
how it's all plamed out it's  
splendid.

Nothin's done er evah happens, 'dout  
hit's somefin' dat's intended;

Don't keer whint you does, you has to,  
an' hit sholy beats de dickens, —

Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one  
o' mastah's chickens.



PROTEST





**W**HO say my haht ain't true to  
you ?

Dey bettah heish dey monf.

I knows I loves you thoo an' thoo

In watah time er drouf.

I wush dese people 'd stop dey  
talkin',

Don't mean no mo' dan chicken's  
squawkin' :

I guess I knows which way I's  
walkin',

I knows de norf f'om souf.

I does not love Elizy Brown,

I guess I knows my min'.

Yon allns try to tek me down

Wid evah'ting you fin'.



Ef dese hyeah folks will keep on  
fillin'  
Yo' haid wid nonsense, an' you 's  
willin'  
I bet some day dey 'll be a killin'  
Somewhaih along de line.

O' cose I buys de gal ice-cream,  
Whnt else I gwine to do?  
I knows jes' how de t'ing 'u'd seem  
Ef I'd be sho't wid you.  
Ou Sunday, you's at chu'ch a-  
shoutin',  
Den all de week you go 'ronn'  
poutin' —  
I's mighty tiahed o' all dis doubtin',  
I tell you cause I's true.



POSSUM



**E**F dey's anyt'ing dat riles me  
An' jes' gits me out o' hitch,  
Twell I want to tek my coat off,  
So's to r'ar an' t'ar an' pitch,  
Hit's to see some ign'ant white man  
'Mittin' dat owdaecious sin—  
W'en he want to cook a possum  
'Tekin' off de possum's skin.

W'y, dey ain't no use in talkin',  
Hit jes' hu'ts me to de haht  
Fu' to see dem foolish people  
Th'owin' 'way de fines' paht.  
W'y, dat skin is jes' ez tendah  
An' ez juicy ez kin be ;  
I knows all erbout de critter —  
Hide an' haih — don't talk to me !

Possum skin is jes' lak shoat skin :  
Jes' you swinge an' serope it down,  
Tek a good sha'p knife an' sco' it,  
Den you bake it good an' brown.  
Huh-uh ! honey, you 's so happy  
Dat yo' thoughts is 'mos' a sin  
When you 's settin' dah a-chawin'  
On dat possum's cracklin' skin.



White folks t'nk dey know 'bout  
entin'.

An' I reckon dat dey do  
Sometimes git a little idee  
Of a miedlin' dish er two ;  
Bnt dey ain't a t'ing dey knows of  
Dat I rekon can't be beat  
W'en we set down at de table  
To a uskun possun's meat !



FOOLIN' WID DE  
SEASONS



**SEEMS** lak folks is mighty curns  
In de way dey t'inks an' ae's.  
Dey jes' spen's dey days a-mixin'  
Up de t'ings in alnumaes.  
Now, I min' mynex' do' neighbour.  
He 's a mighty likely man.  
But he nevali t'inks o' mullin  
'Ceptin' jes' to plot an' plan.

All de wintah he was plannin'  
How he 'd gethah sassafra  
Jes' ez soon ez evali Springtime  
Pnt some greenness in de grass.  
An' he 'lowed a little soonah  
He could stan' a coolah breeze  
So 's to mek a little moneey  
F'om de sngah-watah trees.



In de summah, he 'd be waihin'  
Out de linin' of his soul,  
Try'n' to cu'cilate an' fashion  
How he 'd git his wintah coal ;  
An' I b'lieve he got his judgement  
Jes' so tuckahed out an' thinned  
Dat he t'ought a robin's whistle  
Was de whistle of de wind.

Why won't folks gin up dey plannin',  
... jes' be content to know  
Dat dey 's gittin' all dat 's fu' dem  
In de days dat come an' go ?  
Why won't folks quit movin' forrard ?  
Ain't hit bettah jes' to stan'  
An' be satisfied wid livin'  
In de season dat 's at han' ?

Hit 's enough fu' me to listen  
W'en de birds is singin' 'roun',  
'Dout a-guessin' whut 'll happen  
W'en de snow is on de groun'.  
In de Springtime an' de summah,  
I lays sorrer on de she'f :  
An' I knows ol' Mistah Wintah  
Gwine to hustle fu' hisse'f.

We been put hyeah fu' a pu'pose,  
But de questun dat has riz  
An' made lots o' people diffah  
Is jes' whut dat pu'pose is.  
Now, accordin' to my reas'nin',  
Hyeah 's de p'int whaih I 's arriv,  
Sence de Lawd put life into us,  
We was put hyeah fu' to live!



ANGELINA

\*





W'EN de fiddle gits to singin' out  
a ol' Valginny reel,  
An' you 'mence to feel a ticklin' in  
yo' toe an' in yo' heel ;  
Ef you t'ink you got 'uligion an' you  
wants to keep it, too,  
You jes' bettah tek a hint an' git  
yo'se'f clean out o' view.  
Case de time is mighty temptin' w'en  
de ehune is in de swing,  
Fu' a darky, saint or sinner man, to  
cut de pigeon-wing.  
An' you could n't he'p f'om danein'  
ef yo' feet was boun' wif twine,  
W'en Angelina Johnson comes  
a-swingin' down de line.

Don't you know Miss Angelina?  
She's de da'lin' of de place.  
W'y, dey ain't no high-toned lady wif  
sich manners an' sich grace.  
She kin move across de cabin, wif its  
planks all rough an' wo';  
Jes' de same 's ef she was dancin' on  
ol' mistus' ball-room flo'.





Some folks say dat dancin's sinful,  
an' de blessed Lawd, dey say,  
Gwine to purnish ns fu' steppin' w'en  
we hyeah de music play.  
But I tell you I don' b'lieve it, fu'  
de Lawd is wise and good,  
An' he made de banjo's metal an' he  
made de fiddle's wood,  
An' he made de music in dem, so I  
don' quite t'ink he'll keer  
Ef our feet keeps time a little to de  
melodies we hyeah.  
W'y, dey's somep'n' downright holy  
in de way our faces shine,  
W'en Angelina Johnson comes  
a-swingin' down de line.

Angelina step' so gentle, Angelina  
bow' so low,  
An' she lif' huh sku't so dainty dat  
huh shoetop skaeely show :  
An' dem teef o' huh'n a-shinin', ez  
she tek you by de han' —  
Go 'way, people, d' ain't nothah sich  
a lady in de lan' !  
W'en she's movin' thoo de figgers  
er a-dancin' by huhse'f,  
Folks jes' stan' stock-still a-sta'in', an'  
dey mos' nigh hol's dey bref ;  
An' de young mens, dey's a-sayin',  
"I's gwine mek dat damsel  
mine."  
W'en Angelina Johnson comes  
a-swingin' down de line.





A DEATH SONG





LAY me down beneaf de willers in  
de grass,  
Whah de branch'll go a-singin' as  
it pass.  
An' w'en I's a-layin' low,  
I kin hycal it as it go  
Singin', "Sleep, my honey, tek yo'  
res' at las'."

Lay me nigh to whah hit meks a  
little pool,  
An' de watah stan's so quiet lak an'  
cool,  
Whah de little birds in spring,  
U'st to come an' drink an' sing,  
An' de chillen waded on dey way to  
school.

Let me settle w'en my shouldahs  
draps dey load  
Nigh enough to hyeah de noises in  
de road ;  
Fu' I t'ink de las' long res'  
Gwine to soothe my sperrit bes'  
Ef I 's layin' 'mong de t'ings I 's allus  
knowed.



**A CHRISTMAS  
FOLKSONG**



**D**E win' is blowin' wahmah,  
An' hit 's blowin' f'om de bay ;  
Dey 's a so't o' mist a-risin'  
All erlong de meddah way ;  
Dey ain't a hint o' frostin'  
On de groun' ner in de sky,  
An' dey ain't no use in hopin'  
Dat de snow 'll 'inence to fly.  
It 's goin' to be a green Christmas,  
An' sad de day fu' me.  
I wish dis was de las' one  
Dat evah I should see.



Dey 's dancin' in de cabin,  
Dey 's spalikin' by de tree ;  
But dancin' times an' spalikin'  
Are all done pas' fu' me.  
Dey 's feastin' in de big house,  
Wid all de windahs wide —  
Is dat de way fu' people  
To meet de Christmas-tide ?  
It 's goin' to be a green Christmas,  
No mattah what you say.  
Dey 's us dat will remembah  
An' grieve de comin' day.



Dey 's des a bref o' dampness  
A-clingin' to my cheek ;  
De aih 's been dahk an' heavy  
An' threatenin' fu' a week.  
But not wid sigus o' wintah,  
Dough wintah 'd seem so deah —  
De wintah 's out o' season.  
An' Christmas eve 's hyeah.  
It 's goin' to be a green Christmas.  
An' oh, how sad de day !  
Go ax de hongry ehu'chya'd,  
An' see what hit will say.

Dey's Allen on de hillside,  
An' Marfy in de plain ;  
Fu' Christmas was like springtime,  
An' come wid sun an' rain.  
Dey's Ca'line, John, an' Susie,  
Wid only dis one lef' ;  
An' now de eurse is comin'  
Wid murder in hits bref.  
It's goin' to be a green Christmas —  
Des hyeah my words an' see :  
Befo' de summah beekons  
Dey's many'll weep wid me.





**FAITH**

I'S a-gittin' weary of de way dat  
people do.  
De folks dat's got dey 'ligion in dey  
fiah-place an' flue ;  
Dey's allus somep'n' comin' so de  
spit'll have to tu'n,  
An' hit taib't no p'oposition fir' to  
mek de hickory bu'n.  
Ef de sweet pertater fails us an' de  
go'geous yallah yam,  
We kin tek a bit o' comfo't f'om  
ouah sto' o' sunmah jam.  
W'en de snow hit git to flyin', dat's  
de Mastah's own desiah,  
De Lawd'll run de wintah an' yo'  
mammy'll run de fiah.



I ain' skeered because de win' hit  
stait to raih an' blow,  
I ain't bothahed w'en he come er  
rattlin' at de do',  
Let him taih hisse'f an' shout, let  
him blow an' bawl,  
Dat's de time de branches shek an'  
bresh-wood 'mence to fall,  
W'en de st'om's er-railin' an' de  
shettahs blowin' 'bont,  
Dat de time de fiah-place crack hits  
welcome ont,  
'Tain' my livin' business fir' to tronble  
ner enquiah,  
De Lawd 'll min' de wintah an' my  
mammy 'll min' de fiah.



Ash-cake allus gits ez brown w'en  
February's hyeah  
Ez it does in bakin' any othah time  
o' yeah.  
De bacon smell ez callin'-like, de  
kittle rock an' sing,  
De same way in de wintah dat dey  
do it in de spring;  
Dey ain't no use in mopin' 'round  
an' lookin' mad an' glum  
Erbout de wintah season, fu' hit's  
des phumb boun' to come;  
Au' ef it comes to runnin' t'ings I's  
willin' to retiah.  
De Lawd 'll min' de wintah au' my  
mammy 'll min' de fiah.

**HOPE**





DE dog go howlin' 'long de road,  
De night come shiverin' down ;  
My back is tiahed of its load,  
I cain't be fu' f'om town.  
No mattah ef de way is long,  
My haht is swellin' wid a song,  
No mattah 'bont de frownin' skies,  
I'll soon be home to see my Lize.

My shadder staggah on de way,  
It's monst'ous col' to-night ;  
But I kin hyeah my honey say,  
" W'y, bless me ef de sight  
O' you ain't good fu' my so' eyes."  
(Dat talk 's des lak my lady Lize)  
I's so'y ease de way was long  
But Lawd you bring me love an'  
song.

No mattah ef de way is long,  
An' ef I trimbles so',  
I knows de fiah's bu'nin' strong,  
Behime my Lizy's do'.  
An' daih my res' an' joy shell be,  
Whaih my ol' wife's a-waitin' me —  
Why, what I keer fu' stingin' blas',  
I see huh windah light at las'.



A LOVE LETTER



**O**H, I des received a letter f'om de  
sweetes' little gal ;

Oh, my ; oh, my.

She's my lovely little sweethaht an'  
her name is Sal ;

Oh, my ; oh, my.

She writes me dat she loves me an'  
she loves me true,

She wonders ef I'll tell huh dat I  
loves huh, too ;

An' my h'iaht's so full o' music dat  
I do' know what to do ;

Oh, my ; oh, my.

I got a man to read it an' he read  
it fine ;

Oh, my ; oh, my.

Dey ain' no use denyin' dat her love  
is mine ;

Oh, my ; oh, my.

But hyeah 's de t'ing dat 's puttin' me  
in sneh a awful plight,

I t'ink of huh at mornin' an' I dream  
of huh at night ;

But how 's I gwine to cou't huh w'en  
I do' know how to write ?

Oh, my ; oh, my.



My h'aht is bubblin' ovah wid de  
t'ings I want to say :

Oh, my ; oh, my.

An' dey 's lots of folks to copy what

I tell 'em fu' de pay :

Oh, my ; oh, my.



But dey 's t'ings dat I 's a-t'inkin' dat  
is only fu' huh eahs,  
An' I couldn't lu'n to write 'em ef  
I took a dozen yeahs :  
So to go down daih an' tell huh is de  
only way, it 'peahs :  
Oh, my ; oh, my.



**PUTTIN' THE BABY  
AWAY**



**EIGHT** of 'em hyeah all tol' an' yet  
Dese eyes o' mine is wringin' wet;  
My halt 's a-achin' ha'd an' so',  
De way hit nevah ached befo' ;

My soul's a-pleadin', " Lawd, give  
back

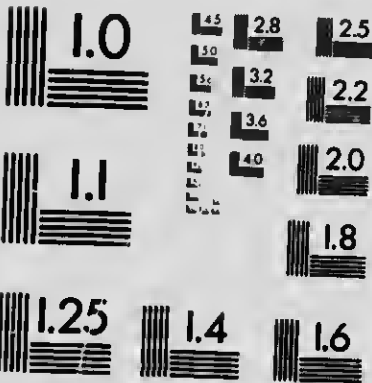
Dis little lonesome baby black,  
Dis one, dis las' po' he'pless one,  
Whose little race was too soon run."

Po' Little Jim, des fo' yeahs ol'  
A-layin' down so still an' col',  
Somehow hit don' seem ha'dly fail,  
To have my baby layin' daih  
Wi'dout a smile upon his face,  
Wi'dout a look erbout de place ;  
He ust to be so full o' fun,  
Hit don' seem right dat all's done,  
done.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



**APPLIED IMAGE Inc**

1653 East Main Street  
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(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
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Des eight in all, but I don' caih,  
Dey wa'nt a single one to spaih :  
De worl' was big, so was my haht,  
An' dis hyeah baby owned hit's  
    paht :  
De house was po', dey clothes was  
    rough,  
But daih was meat an' meal enough :

An' daih was room fir' little Jim ;  
Oh! Lawd, what made you call fir'  
him ?

It do seem monst'ous ha'd to-day,  
To lay dis baby boy away ;  
I'd h'ined to love his teasin' smile,  
He mought o' des been lef' erwhile ;  
You wouldn't t'ought wid' all de  
folks

Dat's romm' h'yeah mixin' teahs an'  
jokes.

De Lawd n'd had de time to see  
Dis chile an' tek him 'way f'om me.

But let it go, I reckon Jim  
'U des go right straight up to Him  
Dat took him f'om his mammy's nes'  
An' lef' dis achin' in my breas'.



An' lookin' in dat fathah's face  
An' 'memberin' dis lone sorrerin'  
place,  
He'll say, " Good Lawd, you ought  
to had  
Do sumpin' fu' to comfo't dad !"



## ADVICE



**W**EN you full o' worry  
    'Bout yo' wo'k an' sich,  
W'en you kind o' bothahed  
    Case you can't get rich,  
An' yo' neighbor p'ospah  
    Past his jest desu'ts,  
An' de sneer of comerds  
    Stahs yo' haht an' hu'ts,  
Des don' pet yo' worries,  
    Lay 'em ou de she'f,  
Tek a little trouble  
    Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

Ef a frien' comes mou'nin'  
    'Bout his awful ease,  
You know you don' grieve him  
    Wid a gloomy face,  
But you wrassle wid him,  
    Try to tek him in ;  
Dough hit cracks yo' features,  
    Law, you smile lak sin.  
Ain't you good ez he is ?  
    Don' you pine to def ;  
Tek a little tronble  
    Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

Ef de chillun pestahs,  
    An' de baby's bad,  
Ef yo' wife gits narvons,  
    An' you're gettin' mad,  
Des you grab yo' boot-strops,

Hol' yo' body down,  
Stop a-tinkin' cuss-w'rd,  
Chase away de frown,  
Knock de haid o' worry,  
'Twell dey ain' none lef' ;  
Tek a little tronble,  
Brotnah, wid yo'se'f.





DREAMIN' TOWN



**C**OME away to dreamin' town,  
Maudy Lon, Maudy Lon,  
Whaih de skies don' nevah frown,  
Maudy Lon ;  
Whaih de streets is paved with gol',  
Whaih de days is nevah col',  
An' no sheep strays f'om de fol',  
Maudy Lon.

Ain't you tired of every day,  
Maudy Lon, Maudy Lon,  
Tek my han' an' come away,  
Maudy Lon,  
To de place whaih dreams is King,  
Whaih my heart hol's everyt'ing,  
An' my soul can allus sing,  
Maudy Lon.

Come away to dream wid me,  
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,  
Whaih our hands an' hahits are free,  
Mandy Lou;  
Whaih de sands is shinin' white,  
Whaih de rivahs glistens bright,  
In dat dreamland of delight,  
Mandy Lou.





Come away to dreamin' town,  
Mandy Lon, Mandy Lon,  
Whaih de fruit is bendin' down  
Des fir' you.

Smooth your brow of lovin' brown,  
An' my love will be its crown ;  
Come away to dreamin' town,  
Mandy Lon.





SCAMP

**A**IN'T it nice to have a mammy  
W'en you kin' o' tiahed out  
Wid a-playin' in de meddah,  
An' a-rummin' rouu' about  
Till hit 's made you mighty hongry,  
An' yo' nose hit gits to know  
What de smell means dat 's a-comin'  
F'om de open cabin do' ?  
She wash yo' face,  
An' mek yo' place,  
You 's hongry as a tramp :  
Den hit 's eat you suppah right away,  
You sta'vin' little scamp.

W'en you 's full o' braid an' bacon,  
An' dey ain't no mo' to eat,  
An' de lasses dat 's a-stickin'  
On yo' face ta'se kin' o' sweet,

Don' you t'ink hit 's kin' o' pleasin'  
Fu' to have som'body neah  
Dat 'll wipe yo' han's an' kiss you  
Fo' dey lif' you f'om yo' cheah ?  
To smile so sweet,  
An' wash yo' feet,  
An' leave 'em co'l an' damp ;  
Den hit 's come let me undress you,  
now  
You lazy little seamp.

Don' yo' eyes git awful heavy,  
An' yo' lip git awful slack,  
Ain't dey som'p'n' kin' o' weak'nin'  
In de backbone of yo' back ?





Don' yo' knees feel kin' o' trimbly,  
An' yo' haid go bobbin' roun'.  
W'en you says yo' " Now I lay me,"  
An' is sno'm' on de " down" ?  
She kiss yo' nose,  
She kiss yo' toes,  
An' den tu'e out de lamp,  
Den hit 's creep into yo' tru'm'le baid,  
You sleepy little scamp.



**OPPORTUNITY**



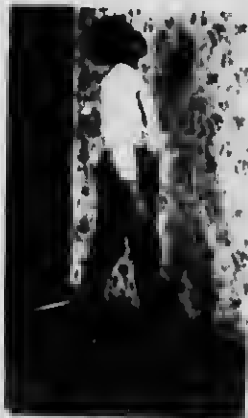
**GRANNY'S** gone a-visitin',  
Seen huh git huh shawl  
W'en I was a-hidin' down  
Hime de gyahden wall.  
Seen huh put her bonnet on,  
Seen huh tie de strings,  
An' I's gone to dreamin' now  
'Bout dem cakes an' t'ings.

On de she f behime de do' —  
Mussy, what a fea'!  
Soon ez she gits ont o' sight,  
I kin eat in peace.  
I bin watchin' fir' a week  
Des fir' dis hycal chance,  
Mussy, w'en I gits in dail,  
I'll des sholy dance.

Lemon pie an' gingah-cake,  
Let me set an' t'ink —  
Vinegah an' sugah, too,  
Dat 'll mek a drink ;  
Ef dey 's one t'ing dat I loves  
Mos' pn'ticlahly,  
It is eatin' sweet t'ings an'  
A-drinkin' Sangaree.

Lawdy, won' po' gramy raih  
W'en she see de she'f ;  
W'en I t'ink erbout inli face,  
I 's mos' 'shamed myse'f.

Well, she gone, an' hyeah I is,  
Back behime de do' —  
Look hyeah! gram' 's done 'spected  
me,  
Dain't no sweets no mo'.



Evah sweet is hid erway.  
Job des done up brown ;  
Pusson t'ink dat somenn t'ought  
Dey was t'eves erronn' ;  
Dat des breaks my haht in two,  
Oh how bad I feel !  
Des to t'ink my own gramma  
B'lieved dat I 'u'd steal !



**A SUMMER NIGHT**





**SUMMAH** is de lovin' time —  
Don' keer what you say.  
Night is allus peart an' prime,  
Bettah dan de day.  
Do de day is sweet an' good,  
Birds a-singin' fine,  
Pines a-smellin' in de wood, —  
But de night is mine.

Rivalh whisperin' "howdy do,"  
Ez it pass you by —  
Moon a-lookin' down at you,  
Winkin' on de sly.  
Frogs a-croakin' f'om de pon',  
Singin' bass dey fill.  
An' you listen way beyon'  
Ol' man whippo'will.



Hush up, honey, tek my han',  
Mek yo' footsteps light ;  
Somep'n' kin' o' hol's de lan'  
On a summah night.

Somep'n' dat you nevah sees  
An' you nevah hyeahs,  
But you feels it in de breeze,  
Somep'n' nigh to teahs.

Somep'n' nigh to teahs ? dat 's so ;  
But hit 's nigh to smiles.  
An' you feels it ez you go  
Down de shinin' miles.  
'Tek my han', my little dove ;  
Hush an' come erway —  
Summah is de time fu' love,  
Night-time beats de day !



THE OLD CABIN

**I**N de dead of night I sometimes  
Git to t'inkin' of de pas'.  
An' de days w'en slavery helt me  
In my mis'ry — ha'd an' fas'.  
Dough de time was mighty tryin',  
In dese houahs somehow hit seem  
Dat a brightah light come slippin'  
Thoo de kivahs of my dream.

An' my min' fu'gits de whuppins,  
Draps de feah o' block an' lash.  
An' flies straight to somep'n' joyful  
In a secon's light'nin' flash.  
Den hit seems I see a vision  
Of a dearah long ago  
Of de childern tumblin' roun' me  
By my rough ol' cabin do'.

Talk about yo' go'geous mansions  
An' yo' big house great an' gran',  
Des bring up de fines' palace  
Dat you know in all de lan'.  
But dey 's somep'n' dearah to me,  
Somep'n' failah to my eyes  
In dat cabin, less yon bring me  
To yo' mansion in de skies.





I kin see de light a-shinin'  
Thoo de chinks atween de logs,  
I kin hycah de way-off bayin'  
Of my mastah's huntin' dogs,  
An' de neighin' of de hosses  
Stampin' on de ol' balm flo',  
But above dese somn's de laughin'  
At my deah ol' cabin do'.





We would gethah dailh at evenin',  
All my frien's 'n'd come erroun',  
An' hit wan't no time, twell, bless  
you,

You could hyeah de banjo's soun'.  
You could see de dalikies dancin'  
Pigeon-wing an' heel an' toe, —  
Joyous times I tell yon people  
Rom' dat same ol' cabin do'.





But at times my t'oughts gits saddah,  
Ez I riccolec' de folks,  
An' dey froliekin' an' talkin',  
Wid dey laughin' an' dey jokes.

An' hit hu'ts me w'en I membahs  
Dat I 'll nevah see no mo'  
Dem ah faces gethahed smilin'  
Roun' dat po' ol' cabin do'.





